

Life

JANUARY 17, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



Her Ideal



This is the Knight Life

Fine people, fine clothes, fine homes, fine times flash into mind when eyes turn to this Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan.

A creation of grace and charm. A Wilson built body of exquisite lines and beautiful curves, finished entirely in serviceable black. Inside, a deep-cushioned haven of warm, cozy comfort, done in long grain Spanish upholstery. *Doors both front and rear* to make it easy for any occupant to enter or leave without crawling over seats or feet.

Greatest of all features is its marvelous Willys-Knight engine, which *actually improves with use!* Great power tuned to a whisper! Great economy in gasoline, oil and up-keep. No valves to grind. Carbon literally aids compression. Owners report 50,000 miles and more without need of a single engine adjustment.

All previous notions of closed car values seem dwarfed and ancient when you come face to face with the Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan—every inch the car for your money!

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Other models: 5-pass. Touring \$1175, 2-pass. Roadster \$1175, 7-pass. Touring \$1325, 5-pass. Coupe-Sedan De Luxe \$1550, 5-pass. Sedan \$1795, 7-pass. Sedan \$1995; All prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

THE DAY OF THE KNIGHT IS HERE

WILLYS-KNIGHT



A Society Wedding

JOHN, the colored sexton of a smart church in a small town, had a great passion for the Christian Endeavor Society and after much study learned the pledge. He was also a preacher, and many dusky lovers were united in happy wedlock by John. Recently he was compelled to appear before the divorce court with a negro couple whom he had some months previously married.

"John," said the Judge, "did you marry this couple?"

"Mister Marse Jedge, I did, en' den I didn't. I tole dat nigger dare, efen he wanted me to marry him fer him to bring me two dollars and a half, en' when he cum dare to get married, he didn't hab but six bits, en' you know, Jedge, I can't marry no two niggers fer six bits, so I jes' tuk and sed dat Christian Endeavor Pludge over 'um en' dat's all de marr'in' de's had."

First thing you know, King George will be working union hours.

Free ~ Trial Bottle

Try it first, prove the way to restore

Gray Hair



You are right to be skeptical in regard to any preparation offered to restore gray hair. So many can't do the work—so many only further disfigure your hair.

A trial on one lock of hair is your safeguard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove for yourself that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely.

I perfected my Restorer many years ago to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, and since hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as pleasant to use. No greasy sediment, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and natural in all lights. Results just as satisfactory when hair has been bleached or otherwise discolored.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address—
MARY T. GOLDMAN
 224-A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
 Street..... City.....



PROTECTION

SHELTERED behind castle walls several feet thick! Guarded further by ancient moat and clumsy draw-bridge! How primitive this protection appears today compared with the absolute security afforded millions of homes by the modern Colt—Revolver or Automatic Pistol.

Safe to handle—quick in action—sure and accurate in fire—small wonder that Colt's fire arms are the choice of the government and its citizens.

See your dealer and have him explain in detail all of the Colt safety features Catalogue? Of course. Want it?



PHOTO DIAGRAM OF COLT POSITIVE LOCK. THE STEEL BAR OF SAFETY WHICH MAKES ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE. ONLY A COLT HAS THIS FEATURE



COLT'S

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
 Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
 Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

Overheard at the Moron Club

"LITTLE quiet in the Street these days. Looked a while ago as though we were going to have a real boom, everything going up, and the public buying stocks at top figures."

"Can't expect a bull market now that Congress is in session. Never know what those fellows are going to do about anything that affects business. And these fool farmers wanting the government to do something to put up prices of crops. If they had their way they'd cut down profits and freight rates so that stocks wouldn't sell for more than they are worth. It's enough to drive a man to emigrate to some country where there's respect for property rights."

The Pipe with
 The Blue Bar



MM PIPES

Made in England of the
 finest briar obtainable

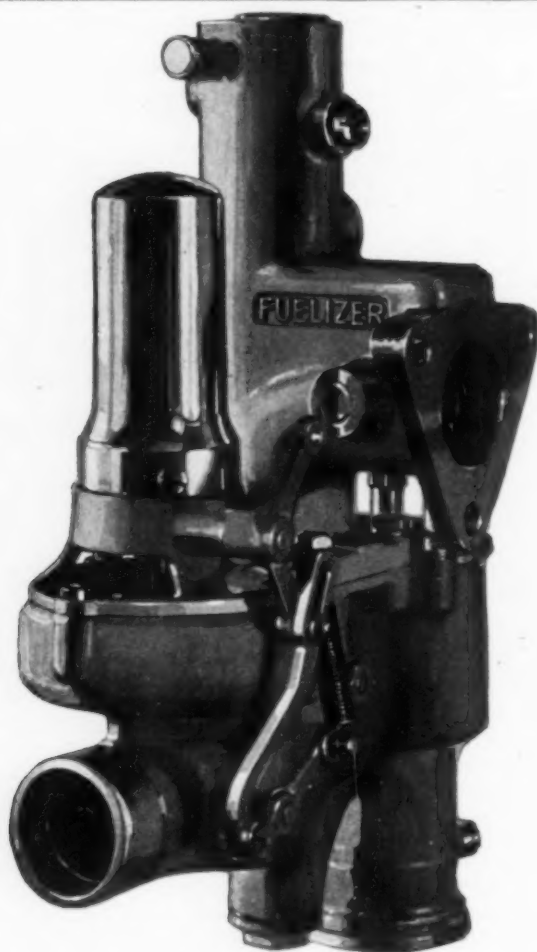
Send for illustrated Catalogue B
 of pipes and smokers' accessories

MM Importing Co., 6 E. 45th St., New York

Only Packard owners know

If you analyzed the contentment of the Packard owner you would have to give a big share of the credit to the exclusive Packard Fuelizer ≈ ≈ It's a noticeable fact that you never hear a Packard Single-Six or a Straight-

Eight choke or sputter, you never see one balk at the get-away, you never find one hesitating when you "step on it" ≈ ≈ ≈ You can thank the Fuelizer for all that and much more. For if there is anything that adds to comfort more than quick starting in cold weather, or prompt acceleration, it would be hard to find ≈ ≈ ≈ So credit the Fuelizer with a big job. Only the Packard owner knows or can know how big that job is, or how much it adds to the satisfaction of motoring; but when you buy your Packard you can expect your Fuelizer to do these things: (1) Reduce the warming-up period in cold weather; (2) add greatly to the speed of acceleration; (3) save fuel; (4) diminish formation of carbon on spark plugs and cylinder heads; (5) practically eliminate gumming of valves and, (6) minimize dilution of crankcase oil.



Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of 6—on all Packard cars

PACKARD

JAN 15 1924

Life

A FULL week has passed since the announcement of the Bok Peace Prize award, and none of the Navy Yards has shut down yet.

Statistics show that forty-five per cent. of the people in New York are engaged in gainful occupations. We imagine that the others are buying oil stocks.

Coolidge probably feels about the Ford endorsement that it may not be much to look at but it takes you where you want to go.

Nowadays a girl won't marry a man unless he can earn the family's bread and butter.

A prisoner was recently released from Sing Sing because he was a good actor—and a number of theatregoers are wondering whether the rule couldn't be made to work both ways.

Wayne B. Wheeler says that Prohibition has saved 873,000 lives. We didn't know there were as many bootleggers as that!

Leap year, we suspect, was invented by a Californian who wanted an extra day in which to talk about the climate.

London insurance companies have stated that people of to-day live ten years longer than they did in olden times. We wonder why.

The pictures in the Sunday papers remind one of last winter's resolution not to let another year go by without learning to pronounce "ski."

Master-Sergeant Woodfill has been retired from the army but says he will fight again if there is another war. And if he will just give Europe a little time, we think something can be done to fix it up for him.

Nowadays people marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

A good slogan for the administration would be "Taxes—Lowest Rate."

The average citizen who has been unable to find a cook this year will doubtless feel terribly upset when he learns that there is a serious shortage of footmen in England.

Now that a Danish prince has married the heiress of a lumber king, we may expect to have some decent safety matches at last.

The fourth anniversary of the Eighteenth Amendment will be celebrated on January 16. It would be a fitting tribute if some of our bootleggers could be persuaded to close their places of business on that day.

An agnostic is a person who doesn't know which church to support and therefore goes to the golf club.

Second Thoughts of an Office Manager

DARK-EYED maiden, smiling, pouting,

Flitting in and out my door,
Bringing dabs of correspondence
That you should have brought before,

All your faults in punctuation—
All the duties that you shirk
Lead me to the sad conclusion
That your mind's not on your work.

In your pretty head come crowding
Rosy dreams; and I can see
That you'd fain give up dictation
And go keeping house with me.

But my years have made me wary;
Honeymoons are quickly spent;
Iridescent bubbles vanish.
Then come butcher's bills and rent.

Would I toss away my freedom,
Tie myself to you for good,
Kiss good-by my independence?

Well, on second thought, I would!

B. C. C.



"COURAGE, LI'L GAL! ANOTHER HUNDRED
FOOT AN' WE'LL BE PRACTICALLY OUT
OF DANGER."



Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 3—Mr. Kleboe decides to put an iron muzzle and asbestos pajamas on his terrier pup and send him after the clinker which has been in his furnace since Dec. 12, 1921. He hopes to announce its dislodgment in next week's issue of LIFE.

McC. H.

The Annual Crisis

PEOPLE who choke and sputter just now may be suffering from having seen some state's 1924 motor-license plate for the first time. They are terribly sensitive aesthetes when it comes to the tags on other people's Fords. They wouldn't live in a state unless it had a smart-looking license plate. They wouldn't even trust it to have a better one next year. Certain combinations of colors put them off a state for life.

Perhaps that is why a number of states are having trouble with their governors. Ugly automobile tags over a period of years may have excluded promising executive material.

Debate about whether or not to carry the name of one's town on a separate plate enlivens talk this month, especially among people who ride in street cars. Some say they can't see it and others say they can; and that settles it. One fellow says the city name-plate should be shown so a tourist can be a visible boost for his town. That's a new way of looking at it.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Mrs. Neurotique: DOCTOR, DON'T YOU THINK I HAVE TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS?

Doctor: NOT YET, BUT I'LL WRITE YOU OUT A LIST OF THE SYMPTOMS, AND YOU CAN GO HOME AND START WORKING ON THEM.

So Goes the Dollar

FIVE years after the Next Great War I went into a restaurant and had a cup of coffee at \$25,000 a cup. Now, \$25,000 for a cup of coffee is a high price when you consider that yesterday it was only \$20,000. However, the waiter informed me that currency was depreciating so that at the next meal coffee would be \$30,000.

I had a complete American meal, of course—Irish stew, Hungarian goulash, French-fried, etc. By the time I had finished eating the cost was \$1,000,000. One million dollars isn't dear for a meal—in fact, it's very reasonable. Generally my dinners come to \$2,000,000, but I can afford it now that I make \$100,000,000 a week. I'm going to ask the boss for a \$50,000,000 raise and if I don't get it I'll have to take a couple of billion dollars out of the bank to pay some bills.

Last week I bought a suit of clothes for \$200,000,000. I really need \$150,000,000 a week to live on!

Albert Cook.

This Is National Safety Day

JANUARY 16 has been designated National Safety Day, and while every one is anxious to enter into the spirit of the thing and observe the occasion with fitting ceremonies, nobody seems to know just how to go about it.

Celebration of any kind is a risky business, and it is therefore a problem whether one would be any safer on National Safety Day than, let us say, on New Year's Eve. Before we can support National Safety Day in an adequate manner, we must make sure that it will be safe to do so.

It is our suggestion, then, that the government build a few emergency jails and, on January 16, fill them with the following individuals and groups:

Taxi- and truck-drivers, Italian bootleggers, oil-stock salesmen, practical "jokers," huntmen, automobilists who boast that "the old bus can do sixty-five any day and I can prove it," hold-up men, Jack Dempsey, manufacturers of delicatessen products, quack doctors, men who make their own gin, members of the Yale and Cornell football teams, traffic cops, militant feminists, and walking delegates.

Of course, the proposed jails would have to be immoderately large, but they



"CRIME WAVE, LADY! BLESS YER HEART, NO! IT'S NOTHIN' BUT AN EPIDEMIC—LIKE SMALLPOX ER CHOLERA ER SOMETHIN'."

need be only temporary structures. On January 17 all the prisoners would be released and affairs could get back to normal.

Safety Day may be all right for twenty-four hours, but we mustn't overdo it. The people of this country can't get along without thrills.

Robert E. Sherwood.

THOSE mid-Victorian damsels—
Sedate and saintly crop—
They never took long chances,
But knew just where to stop.

The new-style girl is freer—
Good gracious, how she frisks!—
And in our modern fiction
Takes many asterisks. *L. H.*

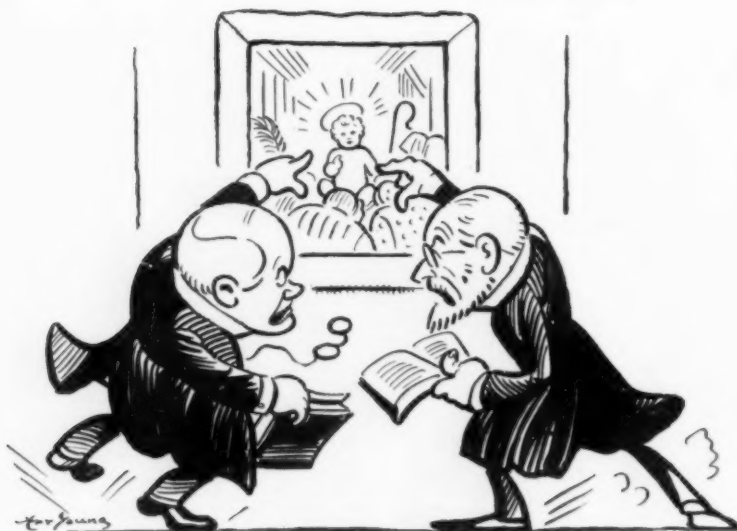
Early to Bed

(How the Young Man-About-Town Might Arrange It)

1. RISE 5:30 A. M.
2. Breakfast at nearest cabaret 6 A. M.
3. Play bridge or Mah Jong 6:30 to 10:00 A. M.
4. Lunch 10:15 to 11:30.
5. Highballs from 11:30 till 2 P. M.
6. Matinee 2:15 to 5 P. M.
7. Dine 5:15 to 6:30.
8. Dance 6:45 to 9:30.
9. Drive through Park 9:30 to 10:00.
10. Bed 10:15.

BILL: My ambition is to become a writer of modern fiction.

PHIL: Have you had much sexperience?



WORSHIP—IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1924

If Our Advertising Writers Wrote Our Novels

THE last word in motor luxury rolled quietly up to the door of the shoppe where service is the first consideration and sales come next.

The woman of discrimination alighted, followed closely by the man who knows. The ever-courteous attendant imbued with the spirit of the organization opened the door, and they entered upon the floor where the craft of the Orient and the brawn of the Arctic unite to make that perpetual exposition where Milady can always find *le dernier cri* of *le haut monde*.

The employee trained in anticipating the wishes of appreciative clients and in aiding them to make selections approached. "Could you tell me where I may find underthings of the better class?" she asked.

While Madame was being intrigued by those distinctive and exclusive creations combining the miraculous industry of the silk worm with the inspirational artistry of the atelier, the man who knows strolled to the men's shop to select at his leisure befitting clothes of character, things that smacked of Piccadilly yet typified American manhood.

Afterwards he would meet her in that cozy little tea-room that was just a bit of old Chatterburysussex brought over to the New World. It was here, over tea grown under the direction of Chin Fong himself, and crumpets that exude the atmosphere of Thrithingham-

shire, that she said, "Oh, George, wasn't it ripping of Dad to give us that money for Christmas—now we can buy that Vihooleum."

"Yes, Nan, the kiddies will love it."

So they filled in the coupon, which, without obligation, brought a ten-days' trial, FREE.

Harvey Kent.

LA BELLE FRANCE is evidently an abbreviation for La Belligerent France.

Dream Song

SOFTLY singing, softly blowing,
Wind of dreams from out beyond,
Softly whisper all your knowing
Tales of romance. I'll respond.

Carry scented hints of magic
Moonlight on some foreign shore.
And—although it may be tragic—
Pray forgive me if I snore.

J. K. M.

How to Cure That Cough

(If You Followed the Advice of Your Friends.)

A VOID all stimulants and swallow six ounces of whisky every hour. Take a scalding bath and just before rubbing down go out and lie in the snow twenty minutes. Sleep in a well-ventilated room with the windows closed. Use no medicine but take liberal doses of quinine and aspirin until perspiration is free and the body is quite dry. Keep up your usual daily occupations and stay at home in bed. It is best to isolate oneself in a room with five or six other persons after one's temperature reaches 105.

Recovery may be expected in three or four weeks if all the directions are followed. If you do not feel better in six weeks the measures should be repeated.

McC. H.

A HUSBAND is the legally appointed audience of his wife.



"WHY DO YOU SAY SHE HAS THE HARDEST HEART OF ANY GIRL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN?"

"BECAUSE IT TOOK A DIAMOND TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON IT."



THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF BAGDAD



THE USED-CAR DEALER FURNISHES HIS NEW HOME

Mid-winter Mendacities

"I THINK most people keep their houses too warm. We have ours at sixty all the time and we are quite comfortable."

"I had to break the ice for my morning plunge in the lake, but I wouldn't miss it for anything. I had to omit it once last week and I felt lost all day without it."

"We are sleeping on the porch and so far we haven't felt the need for blankets."

"I just love winter when it gets down around zero. It's so bracing."

"My dear, you ought to move out to Sylvan Pride. We haven't had a cold in our family for two years."

Thuperthithiouth

YOU know, I always lithp the worsth
On Friday, the Thirteenth.
I try until I almosth bursth
But still I always lithp the worsth!
And though each theparate day I'm cursth,
I know what thuperthithion meanth,
Because I always lithp the worsth
On Friday, the Thirteenth.

J. P. C.

My Husband Says

THAT we must beware of the Greeks bearing gifts and sometimes when we give presents we are carrying coals to Newcastle.

I don't know much about those things but I occasionally send gifts that people do not seem to care much for.

I sent Mrs. Stout a stunning décolleté powder puff with an extra-long handle that would reach ever so far down the back and I thought she would love it.

But the next time I met her she said it was not one bit of good to stick pins in.

And when Mrs. Everest called she admired our goldfish and said it was so fascinating to watch them flitting about. So when she was taken sick I sent her a heavenly bowl as clear as crystal and as I didn't have time to get new fish I used ours. One of them had fins and a tail like fairy chiffon and I just adored him.

When she had recovered sufficiently she called and saw the flowers in our bowl and said, quite fiendishly, I thought: "Oh! you wished your goldfish on me, did you?"

When I sent the fish to her I enclosed my husband's card with mine and he says I must never use his card again until I send a set piece or spray to her family.

L. Blanche Simpson.

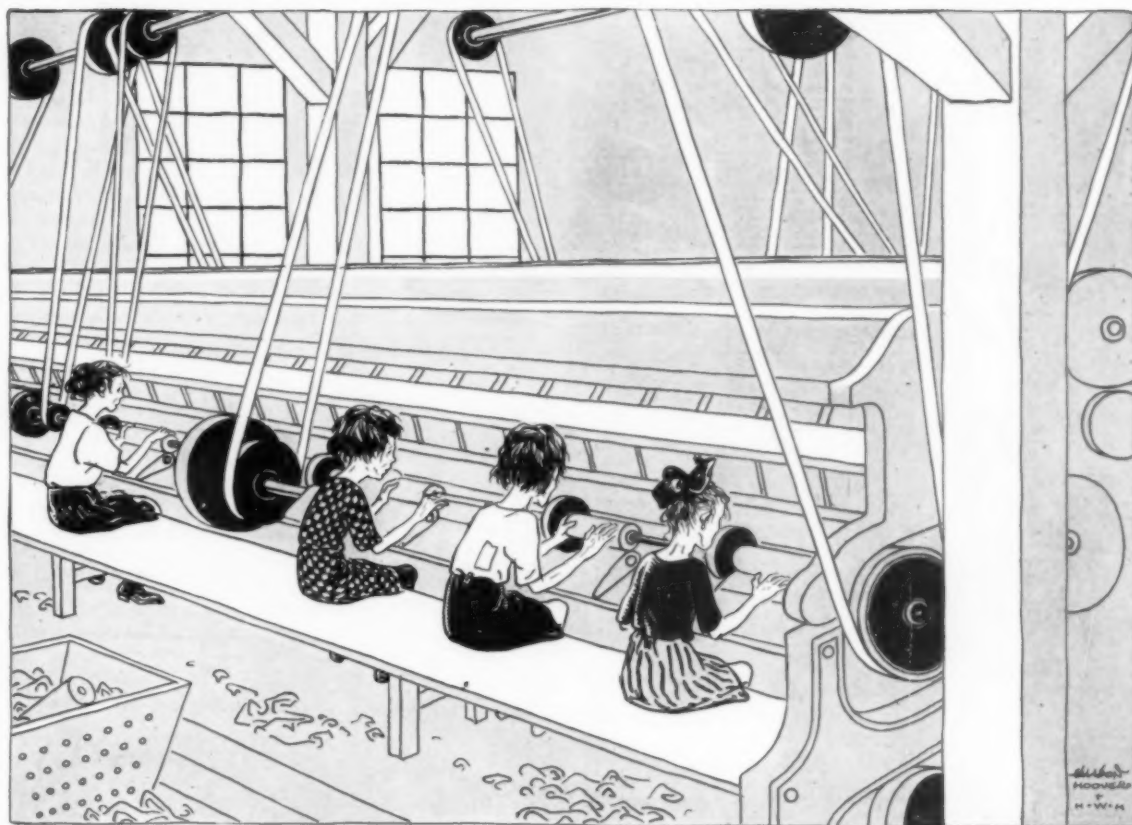
AN Ontario woman shot a wolf at two hundred and fifty yards. That is good shooting, even for these days. A wolf makes a smaller target than a husband and moves a good deal faster.



New Arrival: SAY, DO PEOPLE RECOGNIZE OLD ACQUAINTANCES UP HERE?

Keeper of Gate: WHY, OF COURSE.

"I'LL GO DOWN BELOW, PLEASE—I SEE ONE OF MY CREDITORS."



DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The Original Prize-Winner

THE stream on the west of New York and the east of New Jersey flowing south is called the North River. The appropriateness of this title makes its origin quite obvious: it was arrived at through a prize contest.

Investigating the theory, I discovered that this, indeed, was the case. Such a contest was held a number of years ago by a group of people who had proved that the boat called the "Half-Moon" was a Chinese junk plying between Madagascar and the Isle of Wight, and that the man called Hudson was a tailor in Amsterdam who never got close enough to the sea even to smell it; they therefore objected to the river's being called the Hudson, and offered a prize for the best suggestion for a new name.

Thousands of suggestions poured in; the people on Manhattan Island, to a man, upheld the suggestion that it be called the "West River"; the people of New Jersey, taking this ignoring of them as a challenge as well as an insult, unanimously upheld the suggestion for calling it the "East River"; and every man, woman, and child in upper New York State wanted it called the "South River."

A scattered few voted in favor of calling the river "Southeast" or "Southwest." These, however, were believed to have been moved solely by the spirit of compromise.

The minutes of the meeting of the judges relate how bored they were with receiving such obvious suggestions; it is therefore no wonder that the first original suggestion should have been hailed with delight as the winner. The note accompanying this title said:

"GENTLEMEN:

"When this river was discovered, it was thought that by sailing up it for a day the ship would land at Calcutta; to perpetuate this geographical inaccuracy, you are urged to name the river 'North.'"

And so, the stream on the west of New York and the east of New Jersey flowing south was called the North River. B. F.

The Veteran

JUDGE: You say that when this man's car ran over you, you had both legs, your left arm and your nose broken. Was that when you lost your left ear?

"No, your Honor, I lost that ear four runovers ago."

NATURALISTS in Mongolia discovered some dinosaur eggs several million years old. They had evidently been left there by careless picnickers of the paleolithic age.



Skippy
He Stages a Show of His Own

The Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"I WAS actually sorry to see the trained nurses go. Harold and I had been having such a nice time eating off the kitchen table while Minnie was laid up. I made him some mush like we used to have in Peoria and the poor boy almost cried for joy.

"He and I haven't been in good standing in the apartment for two weeks, especially since I mistook the nutrition specialist for the nerve consultant and called him by the wrong name. Minnie didn't need to get mad at me for that; she knew I had on my old glasses. Then Harold had to forget and call the heart specialist 'Doc' like he was used to doing out in Terre Haute. I felt ashamed; the way Minnie glared.

"We used to try to please the patient when we had sickness. Now the idea is to please the doctors and nurses. Of course, I might have had more sense, but one day Harold and I were talking in the pantry and I remarked I thought four doctors and two nurses were a good many for a touch of grip.

"Harold says the sickness will cost



"YOU'RE BIG AND STRONG. WOULD YOU MIND ASKING THE CONDUCTOR TO OPEN THE WINDOW?"

him eight hundred dollars. That's a lot of money to pay for the privilege of being polite to a lot of high-bred strangers."

McC. H.

FIRST RADIO BUG: You say Congress went into executive session?
SECOND R. B.: Yes, behind closed circuits.



Aunt Lucy: HE IS THE CHAMPION, ISN'T HE?

Fred: YES—NORWEGIAN—HE WAS BORN WITH HIS SKIS ON.

Aunt Lucy: GOOD HEAVENS!



"SAY, BO, WHERE CAN YA GET A RAINCOAT LIKE THAT?"
 "YOUSE CAN'T, SEE? I GOT DIS IN A REST'RANT, AND IT WAS DE LAST ONE LEFT."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

*January
10th*

Roused unduly early by the caterwauling of a neighbor, and albeit there is a clause in our lease dealing with such a nuisance, I doubt if aught could be done about it in a court-room, forasmuch as the most indifferently gifted barrister would have no trouble in proving that his client's voice was not a musical instrument. But such misguided warblers move me more to sorrow than to wrath, for many of them are paying large sums of money to vocal coaches who should be jailed for getting it under false pretenses, and might become successful wage-earners in other fields were it not for such constant play upon their vanity. Lord! musick, methinks, is the one art in which anything save perfection is intolerable, yet it has the greatest number of hopeless devotees, and when I meet this neighbor in the halls or lift, I am at some pains to keep from addressing her on the subject in the kindest missionary spirit. . . . To the opera after dinner, the liveliest performance of Carmen that ever I

saw in my life, the new sets and ballet being both gay and beautiful, but how Miss Florence Easton keeps on her feet so long after being knifed through the heart, I know not.

*January
11th*

Lay late, pondering how things which are seen and temporal have laid a greater hold on me than the unseen and eternal ones which were so highly commended to me in my youth, and resolved to become more ascetic in my habits, even though I wander lonely as Wordsworth's cloud. So up, and to my sempstress for a new tea robe, for if I am to stay home cultivating spirituality I shall require suitable raiment for it, and we did decide upon a soft blue velvet with mediæval lines and costly broiery. But the wretch, upon my departure, did think to save a stamp by handing me my bill, and after reading it I felt somewhat faint and in no mood for the tea and toast

(Continued on page 29)

The Summer of Roses and Wine

NOW is the time of year when summer begins to come into its own. Rooms develop air passages opening directly on the Mer de Glace, water pipes take cold and can't breathe, the distance to be traversed between bed and open window increases in proportion to the drop in the thermometer during the night, moist lips chap almost as badly as dry lips, radiators get discouraged and give up; window frames absorb moisture from the snow and shrink!

Divine summer!

There is no dust, no dirt, no perspiration, no heat, no humidity in mid-winter summer. B. F.

LIZA (to husband departing on possum hunt): Don't yuh come back here widout no possum.

RUFUS: Honey, yuh has a possum for supper or a chicken for breakfas'.



EXCLUSIVENESS

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO'S BEEN SELLING POISON HOOCH."
"HE AIN'T IN THIS HOUSE—GOSH, I GOT TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE."



"MRS. BROWN, WON'T YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT? I'M AWFUL HUNGRY."

"BUT WILLIE, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT?"

"'CAUSE WE ONLY HAVE THREE MEALS A DAY AND MOTHER DON'T ALLOW US TO EAT 'TWEEN MEALS."



JANUARY 17, 1924

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE was very little presidential talk over the holidays. So much public attention as could be diverted from shopping, eating and other proper holiday occupations went to the consideration of the scrimmage in the churches. There was some Republican talk about who should be President up to the time that President Coolidge gave his message to Congress. There has not been much since; nothing more than rumblings from Hiram Johnson.

For the Democrats, Mr. Underwood has remarked upon the painful absence of a foreign policy for the United States since 1920, and has suggested that the next President should come from the South.

Mr. McAdoo has come out flatly as the candid candidate. He will take the job if it comes his way; he admits it. Indeed, Mr. McAdoo is more or less on the stump already in California and it is from there that his expositions of policy emerge. Since Mr. Coolidge told so distinctly what he stood for, the job of other candidates, his rivals in both parties, has been simplified. They can take his message and say how much of it they do not like. His Republican rivals can bite their thumbs at his World Court, as they do, and his Democratic antagonists can pile into him anywhere they see an opening. Mr. McAdoo, who has views about the railroads and has had some experience in running them, thinks there is nothing constructive about Mr. Coolidge's railroad ideas, and that, until something really effective has been done to put the railroad systems of the United States on a solid basis "with facilities coordinating and wasteful expenditures and inefficient methods eliminated, with rea-

sonable profits for all and exorbitant profits for none," we shall not have a firm foundation for genuine prosperity. Mr. McAdoo does not favor government ownership of railroads. Private ownership and the right sort of regulation look better to him.

He agrees with most of President Coolidge's program for decrease in taxation, but says it is a Democratic idea that the administration has now borrowed. He dissents, however, from Mr. Mellon's notion that we cannot have tax reduction and the bonus at the same time. He thinks we can, and insists that although it is possible, "the President is determined that justice shall not be done to the war veterans, but is strong for the maintenance of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill which gives favored trusts, monopolies and combinations in restraint of trade a subsidy estimated at more than three billions of dollars per annum, or twice as much as it will take to pay the soldiers' bonus in cash."



SO Mr. McAdoo is running just now on approval of a bonus and disapproval of the Republican tariff law, and insistence that a Democratic administration can do the best job on the railroads. Of course he has a foreign policy, but has not yet expounded it in detail. A Democratic candidate, who could be recognized as the spiritual heir of Woodrow Wilson, would get a good many votes that neither the bonus, the railroads nor the tariff could conjure out, but so far no Democrat has turned up who looks like the spiritual heir of Mr. Wilson. Mr. McAdoo inherits rather from McAdoo than from Wilson. Mr. Underwood

hardly stands for Wilson, though he is sympathetic with many of the Wilson ideas. Judge Clarke is even more sympathetic and has done much to demonstrate it. He may be a candidate. So may Mr. Houston, who has been a convinced and unchanging backer of Mr. Wilson since he joined his first cabinet, and so may Mr. Baker. But so far, the most visible candidate for the Democratic nomination is Mr. McAdoo, and he aims, obviously, to win by Southern and Western votes.



THERE are those who would like, if it were possible, to see emerge from one party or the other a candidate whose campaign could proceed to a tune and words that were popular in 1917. One would like again to hear at political gatherings American voices raise the strains of "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." With the world in the state it is in, and going the gait it is going, discussions of bonuses and tariffs and railroad laws, though proper enough as preliminaries, seem a bit sordid. The great issue in American politics in this year of grace is, how shall we justify our existence as a powerful nation?—how shall we do the service to the world that is due from us?—how shall we find and take our place in the procession that is headed toward the New Era? Mr. Coolidge, conservative as he is, betrays a consciousness that these states must let out a tuck in their relations to the rest of mankind. He seems willing to do it in so far as the Republican guardians of our foreign policies will let him. He and Mr. Hughes have sent first-class delegates to the inquiry into German resources. But unless he can accomplish something that will reassure the anxious and raise up new hopes in the thwarted, it seems not entirely foolish to look as June approaches for some beating of the bass drum and blare of trumpet in a serious stir for resumption of the effort to beat war. If only at the right time the right man should bring the right torch, a flame might be started on that issue that not even the adroit and competent extinguisher service of the Senate could put out.

E. S. Martin.



"DO I GET IT?"



The Vanishing

"Unless a people have self-determination"



e Vanishing Sex

etermination, they are not a free people."



Still 1924

IN their production of "Neighbors" one can detect a certain evidence of discouragement on the part of the Equity Players. God knows that all last season they tried to do the right thing by the Drama. They began in a dignified manner with "Malvaloca" and followed through with at least two valuable contributions to the season's dramatic writing, "Why Not?" and "Roger Bloomer." But somehow the box-office didn't hear about it.

This year they started out bravely with "Queen Victoria," which got good notices and nothing else. It was an honest attempt to be, like the Peers, "dignified and stately, dignified and stately," and it ended up in a basket on the steps of old Dr. Cain's storehouse. So much, then, for trying to further the cause of the Drama. Bring on "Neighbors" with its farcical complications of roosters and onions and let's see if that will give the girls in the box-office something to do evenings.



ALTHOUGH "Neighbors" is, for what it sets out to be, all right, there isn't much to be said for what it sets out to be. A good, all-around, highly articulate cast fight their way through the scenes in which the family on one side of the stage battles with the family on the other over the ravages of a rooster in an onion-bed. The fact, however, that the onions are specified, for comedy effect, as "odorless onions" will serve perhaps as a tip-off.

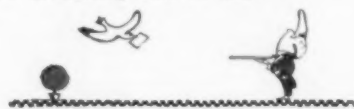


BETWEEN the squabbles in "Neighbors" and the squabbles in "The Wild Westcotts" there is the difference between odorless onions and meringue. The Westcott family are just as belligerent as the Hickses and the Stones, but they are infinitely more amusing. Anne Morrison, who played the lady who was frightened at *The Bat* every night for over three years, has written a comedy which she must by now be rather tired of hearing referred to as "Tarkington," but which is best covered by that adjective. Many people try to do this every year, but few catch the important adolescent spirit as Miss Morrison has done, or have so earnest and fatuously sincere a protagonist as Elliott Nugent. His *Sturm und Drang* is of a more mature nature than that of Glenn Hunter and is practically unrelieved throughout. This is the first time that we have had a successful unveiling of the post-adolescent mind, the youth

which is just emerging from the Tarkington-Hunter "sensuosity" into the cooler dignity of the first silk hat and cutaway, and Miss Morrison and Mr. Nugent have combined to make it an auspicious event. Vivian Martin and Isabel Withers as the sisters of the turbulent Westcott family add considerably to the generally delightful confusion.



MR. COHAN, having made his annual five-star announcement of his impending retirement from the theatre, enters town with two productions, just by way of showing us what we shall be missing next year and in the long years to come. We wish we might be able to say that, even if he really stuck to his threat, he wouldn't be missed, but we can't. There is no one living who could take two such banal pieces of work as "The Song and Dance Man" and "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" and turn them into goldfish as Mr. Cohan has done. There is no one living who has the gift of de-bunking that he has.



"THE SONG AND DANCE MAN" is made by the personal presence of Mr. Cohan in the flesh. As a play, it could end satisfactorily at the curtain to each scene. It has one funny line ("The worst thing I wish for you is that you fall asleep and wake up with a Swedish dialect"), but a great many lines which seem funny at the time, thanks to the author's reading of them. This, by the way, in direct refutation of our contention last week, in speaking of Petrova, that an author's presence in his own play detracts from the illusion. Here it is the third week in 1924, and we have been proved wrong eleven times already.



MUCH as Mr. Cohan would be missed in person, his influence in kidding at large would be missed even more. Without his touch, "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" would be terrible. Even with it, it is barely distinguishable from "The O'Brien Girl" and "Little Nellie Kelly."

Is it possible that Mr. Cohan has for three years been deliberately writing the same show, line for line, step for step, with the secret purpose of showing what can be done to the American public? After "The Tavern," we are willing to endow him with anything.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Blue Bird. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Elementary symbolism in a beautiful setting.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One of the theatre's best, revived in splendid fashion by Walter Hampden.

The Dancers. *Ambassador*—The old stuff, well handled by Richard Bennett and a good cast.

Hurricane. *Folic*—Petrova rolling her "r's" with considerable effect through sin and its wages.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Well-played murder-mystery.

The Lady. *Empire*—If you like good, old-fashioned buck-eye, here it is at its best, with Mary Nash.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore as the clown who loves and loses. Don't leave before the rainstorm in the last act.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Through the segregated districts of the world with Florence Reed. Round trip, \$2.75.

The Miracle. *Century*—Morris Gest's magnum opus.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a powerful study of repression and what it does to one.

Roseanne. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed next week.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—Shaw's latest work, with Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle. To be reviewed next week when we have caught up on our sleep after the opening.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—We might as well give in now and call this a grand play superbly acted. We've struggled long enough.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—Backwoods sex-life.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—How the war came to the American peasant, told with effective simplicity.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—An excellent little play of middle-class life, showing that all men are alike, only some not quite so much so as others.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—A vivid picture of tropical degradation.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—How long the days are getting!

The Alarm Clock. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Bruce McRae and other good people in not much of a play.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Highly amusing trifle, with G. P. Huntley.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Another little play about marriage.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge spreading good Christian Science doctrine.

Meet the Wife. *Klan*—Mary Boland as the wife whose dead husband returns.

Neighbors. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sdm H. Harris*—Hilarious gun-play and dish-smashing, with Otto Kruger and June Walker as ring-leaders.

The New Poor. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

The Other Rose. *Morisco*—Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in a fairly thin mixture.

The Pottery. *Plymouth*—Genuine home stuff, with Donald Meek so good as the comedy husband that it verges on tragedy.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—A splendid cast (including Arthur Byron, Estelle Winwood,

Violet Heming and A. E. Mathews) in an amusingly frank shocker.

The Swan. *Cort*—One of the season's best, with Eva Le Gallienne as the Poor Little Rich Princess.

This Fine-Pretty World. *Neighborhood*—Worth the trip to Grand Street, provided you don't like "Abie's Irish Rose."

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Biff hang farce, with Grant Mitchell.

The Wild Westcotts. *Frazee*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Not if you wince easily.

Charlot's London Revue. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Containing some of the best specialties in town.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed next week.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Containing one song which you have already heard.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Chiefly Irene Bordoni.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—To be reviewed next week.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Better than some but that's all.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Elaborate and Tinney.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—From the French—about eight hundred miles. Jack Hazzard and Ada Lewis help, also Oscar Shaw.

Poppy. *Apollo*—A good show, thanks to Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields, Luella Gear and others.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly. *Liberty*—Reviewed in this issue.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—One of the best of the Negro shows.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and daughter dancing at their best.

Topics of 1923. *Broadhurst*—A revue which surprises you by being pretty good. Delysia is featured.

Wildflower. *Casino*—A glorious score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice and a changing cast in what may be a good show by now, who knows?



IN ADVERTISING CIRCLES

THE COLT BOYS, ALONE OVER THE WEEK-END, REALIZED THAT THEY HAD BEEN MISTAKEN ABOUT THE NOISE HEARD DURING THE NIGHT. HOWEVER, NORA AGREED TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT.



Susan: WHAT'S BOBBIE CRYIN' FOR?

Harold: HE'S NOT CRYIN' FOR ANYTHING. HE'S HAD IT.

A BUTCHER'S thumb, weighed in the balance, is seldom found wanting. **L**IVING in Greenwich Village is cheap but expensive.

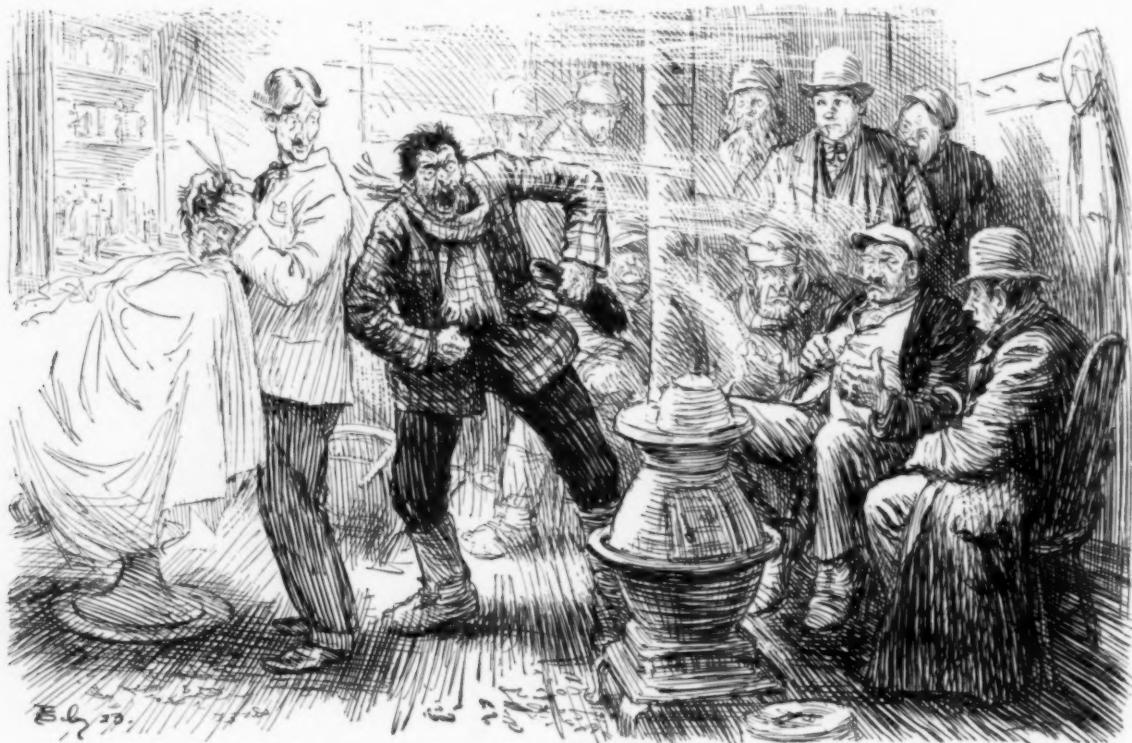
Another Glimpse

MME. DE THELME, a French astrologer, has made the following predictions for these United States during the year 1924:

"America's foreign policy will have difficulties to face, and discussions are likely to arise with a foreign Power. In domestic affairs the people of the United States appear irritated and unsatisfied."

Is that so?

The gifted Madame is unusually perceptive, but we can go her a few better; we can add that there will be considerable grumbling over the cost of living in 1924, that the government will be subjected to criticism in certain quarters, that landlords and revenue officers will be unpopular, that Henry Ford will prosper, that Hiram Johnson will make several public speeches and that the weather will be variable in all sections of the country except Southern California, where it will continue to be an unknown quantity.



Saturday-night Customer: YEE-OW! I'M A WILD CAT. I'M A BEAR. I'M A LION AN' I KIN WHUP ANY MAN IN THIS PLACE. YEE-OW!

Pos the Blacksmith: TELL THAT FARMER TO GO OUT AND DRINK ANOTHER QUART OF THAT CORN-FLAVORED SODY POP SO AS TO MAKE IT INTERESTING AN' I'LL TAKE HIM ON.



"GOT ANY MONEY?"

"NOT VERY MUCH."

"WELL, BUT COULD YOU LET ME TAKE A NICKEL?"

"GOSH, YES! I COULD LET YOU TAKE A DIME."

The Hat Check Girl Discusses Complexions

"WELL, I guess no woman is a beauty to her maid," said the Hat Check Girl, gazing at a party halted at the entrance to the Tyrolien Dining Room.

"No, nor to her husband, neither," said the Cloak Room Boss.

"Yes and no to that last," commented the Hat Check Girl. "It all depends on whether her boudoir is her beauty parlor, or she has to make all alterations with her husband on the premises, or nearby. It's jus' like havin' an apartment done over. When th' painter has onny th' first coat on, you think th' walls will never look like ennythin', but if you don't see them till they're finished, they ain't so likely to offend your artistic sense.

"Artistic feelin' is a great thing, too, if you have it. Th' best thing that can happen to a girl these days is to be born with a sense of color; an' if she also has th' gift of bein' a good judge of complexions, th' town will be hers.

"Look at that tall brunette jus' goin'

in," she commanded. "Ain't she th' healthy, outdoor type with a nice, fresh bloom on her cheeks that looks like a present from bountiful Nature, where it really is the product of long an' careful selection.



INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE

"That girl's an artist, she is. I remember th' last time I seen her here she was goin' in for th' pale, clingin' type—you know, th' languid vamp thing that was so fashionable last season. Well, she had a complexion then that would of made a lily look like a full-blooded flower compared with her."

The Hat Check Girl paused to handle a sudden rush of derbies.

"Honest, I think they had ought to send a young girl to art school these days," she resumed. "They's so much to be learned about colors, an' mixin' them, an' all that sort of stuff."

"Give me a girl with her natural face on all th' time," the Cloak Room Boss announced.

"All men say that, but they don't mean it," the Hat Check Girl responded. "You know yourself men like a girl with a dash of color."

"Well, mebbe," the Cloak Room Boss admitted, grudgingly, "providing it don't come off too easy."

James K. McGuinness,

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

AS a rule, when anybody begins a flat-footed statement with the preamble that he yields to nobody in his admiration of, his respect for, or his detestation of this, that or the other thing or person, and then follows it up with an emphatic *but*, the preamble should be entirely disregarded. However, I trust when I say that I yield to nobody in my liking for Mr. William Allen White, this will be considered as an exception to the rule so positively formulated above. Therefore when Mr. White says that the Constitution should be observed in all its provisions with equal strictness, and I say that I disagree with Mr. White, I hope it won't make any difference to our present cordial relations.

Mr. White, as everybody knows, comes from Kansas, where they have an anti-cigarette law strictly enforced. Could the people of Kansas embody this doubtful extension of the police power in the national Constitution, they would unquestionably do so. Would Mr. White then claim that anybody smoking a cigarette in violation of the United States Constitution showed the same attitude toward the fundamental law of the country as anybody who continued to practice negro slavery in violation of the Constitution? The fact is that the advocates of Prohibition headed the movement toward contempt for the Constitution when they insisted on embodying in it a provision so purely a local police measure as the Eighteenth Amendment. Expectoration, for instance, is a practice much more condemned than drinking intoxicants. Every Continental railway carriage contains a notice of its prohibition printed in French, German, Italian and English. Nevertheless, a habit so unanimously condemned is not to my mind a subject for Constitutional amendment.

In H. G. Hibbert's "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life" he mentions that William Holland, a well-known manager, renovated the Canterbury Music Hall and covered the entire floor with a carpet of quality. His friends remonstrated with him and said that the rude

eagerly by the book addicts like myself who ought to be prevented by a Twentieth Amendment from cluttering up the house with piles of volumes for which there is no shelf room. "Occasions" is published by Scribner's and don't let the mistake on the jacket mislead you as to its contents.

There is one essay, "The Pathos of Profanity," which quotes a wealth of earnest profanity, particularly from this country. It mentions the deacon of a Congregational church who began his dedicatory address at the new church edifice with the words: "O Lord, - it has been proved to Thee by statistics how grievously inadequate have been the religious accommodations of this city," and to this Mr. Jackson adds a story of E. V. Lucas' about a revival meeting in the West, where one of the hardened sinners was asked by an elderly evangelical sister if he loved

Jesus. He pondered for some time, and then replied: "Waal, ma'am, I can't go as far as to say that I love him. I can't go as far as *that*. But, by gosh, I'll say this: I ain't got nothing agin' him."

* * *

MR. JAMES AGATE in "Fantasies and Impromptus" says quite properly that Mr. Yeats and Mr. De La Mare could not have composed the masterpieces of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and that Mr. Shaw could not have written "Paddy the Next Best Thing." He adds, however, that it's a pity when artists of their calibre and conscientiousness are forced, no doubt by economic necessity, to try. It isn't so much a pity as a sheer waste of time and effort. They are consciously trying to do much worse than their medium-best, while the late Mrs. Wilcox was striving her utmost to turn out some-

(Continued on page 31)



BY OUR OWN MAX BEERBOHM

Cathleen ni Houlihan: PLEASE, MR. YEATS, DON'T YOU THINK—NOW THAT WE'RE—I SAW SUCH A DUCKY LITTLE FROCK IN A WINDOW IN GRAFTON STREET TO-DAY.

fellow in the pit would surely expectorate all over it. In a few hours, Mr. Holland had twenty-four-sheet posters all over London, containing the invitation:

COME AND SPIT ON BILL HOLLAND'S
THOUSAND GUINEA CARPET.

* * *

TO err is human, to detect it is pitiful for the man who conducts a column in a newspaper or magazine. Of course, he runs the risk of erring himself some time and having his error singled out for ridicule. Nevertheless I do think, if you'll excuse me, that for the jacket of Holbrook Jackson's "Occasions" to contain the statement that he is the author of that "signal success, the 'Eighteen Hundreds,'" is particularly stupid. Holbrook Jackson's "Eighteen Nineties" was out of print for so long that when Knopf republished it last year, it was snapped up

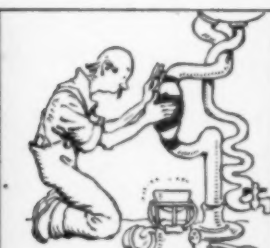
LIFE'S BATTLES or Checkered Careers, No.1, *The Master.*



Aspen was born in
a small Town



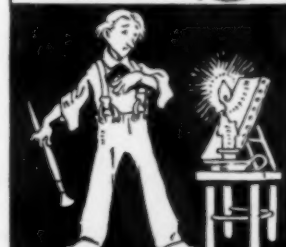
He had always
been different



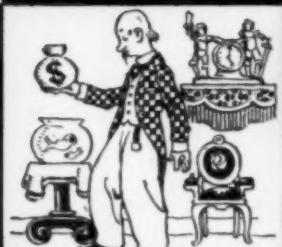
His Father wanted him
to follow in his Steps



But Aspen was
ARTISTIC



He wanted his
Chance So



His Father gave him
his Life's Savings and



He went to the
City To Art



But no one would
buy his Pictures~



Soon he was
destitute But



He Secured a Job in
a Band as a Drummer



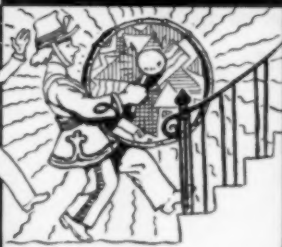
And he decorated
the Drum~Then



Went on Parade
Beating His Drum



LO! Crowds
followed him



Back to his Studio
Where They



Acclaimed him Master
of Vibrating Color



**MY SECRET of
SUCCESS**

"Beat Your
Own Drum"
Aspen

The

SILENT DRAMA



"The Ten Commandments"

EMOTIONAL, intellectual or corporeal, there must be an end to all human qualities. The term "mortal," by which each dweller upon this earth is known, is in itself an admission of temporal limitations. A man may not live forever, nor may his sentiments, his point of view or his prejudices. There is an end to the world, and to all things associated with it.

In view of which I have long realized that sooner or later I should be compelled to change my mind about those subjects upon which my opinion has been most firmly fixed: the day would come, I knew, when I should have to utter praise for a Cecil B. De Mille picture.

By an odd coincidence, this happens to be the day.

MR. DE MILLE, in his time, has mutilated the works of many writers—from James Matthew Barrie to Alice Duer Miller—has sacrificed their ideas to make a Hollywood holiday. But when, in "The Ten Commandments," he approached the words of God, he became suddenly overwhelmed with the idea that it would be better to set them forth unchanged. In this, Mr. De Mille displayed commendable originality; for no literary work has had rougher treatment from the public at large. If the mighty Cecil had seen fit to step on the Ten Commandments, he would at least have had plenty of precedent for the act.

However, there they are, all ten—count 'em—ten, presented on the screen just as they were revealed to Moses on the jagged crest of Mount Sinai. No star of the stage or the films has ever enjoyed a more spectacular entrance than that which is arranged for the Ten Commandments. Great masses of clouds form, are rent by streaks of lightning, and then are dissolved into the flaming words of God. Each of the

Commandments swirls out of the heavens and hits the spectator squarely between the eyes—and each, it must be recorded, earns an equal storm of applause.

The Ten Commandments may not exercise as much influence as they should, but they are certainly good theatre.



LEATRICE JOY (above) and NITA NALDI (below) in "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS." AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE APPEARS THE GREAT LAW-GIVER HIMSELF.



THE picture itself is divided into two parts: the first, a Biblical spectacle which shows, educationally, how the Commandments were made; the second, a modern story, designed to demonstrate how they are broken.

There is a vast difference, superficially and fundamentally, in the style with which these two portions have been treated. In the Biblical prologue, Mr. De Mille puts on the dog heavily—reflecting the gorgeous extravagance of Pharaoh's court in pictures of incredible magnificence. Some of these are in color, and others in the usual photographic tints, an inconsistency which detracts materially from the realism of the spectacle. There are other remarkable scenes, of the Israelites wincing under Egypt's lash, of the Exodus, of the Red Sea being parted in the middle, and of the worship before the Calf of Gold.

This is all great stuff, and profoundly stirring—but it is not so very far ahead of "Intolerance," which D. W. Griffith produced eight years ago. It is full of mechanical tricks which, while marvelous in themselves, remain just tricks: an audience invariably loses some of its illusion when it murmurs, "How did De Mille do that?"

IN the modern story, however, Mr. De Mille displays a directorial genius which is comparable with that of Charlie Chaplin in "A Woman of Paris." He recounts a narrative of singular absurdity, but does it so effectively that every character and every situation, however impossible, is made to seem eminently real.

"The Ten Commandments," in its later stages, lacks all the bizarre ostentation which has been part and parcel of every De Mille movie since the "Don't Change Your Husband" days. He tells his story simply and with great vigor, relying on the subtle eloquence

(Continued on page 30)



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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Let There Be —

"What are you looking for?"
 "I lost a five-dollar bill at Broadway
 and Thirty-seventh Street."
 "Then why seek it up here at Times
 Square?"
 "Shmore light up here."
 —*New York Sun and Globe.*

The Libretto

Seen in passing, in a second-hand book-
 shop in Brixton, over three dirty copies
 of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde":

THE STORY OF THE FILM
 ONLY 3D EACH.

—*The Adelphi.*

Rare Birds

Ornithologists say that the heron and
 the bittern are by nature the most inde-
 pendent of all birds. Evidently it is
 true that bitterns never, never shall be
 slaves.—*Bystander (London).*



The Heroine: CAN NOTHING SAVE
 ME NOW? OH, WHAT WILL BE
 MY FATE?

The Villain: HA, HA, 'TIS ON
 THE KNEES OF THE GODS!

Hoarse Voice from the Wings:
 YUS, AN' IF YER DON'T SPEAK UP,
 THEY'LL THROW IT AT YER!

—*Humorist (London).*

Danse au Linge

("All day and every day the
 emigrants' washing dances gaily
 over the hatch.")

Camisole, Petticoat,
 Shirt, Pantaloon,
 Dancing in the sunlight, or
 Underneath the moon!

Foot it featly, Pantaloon,
 Free from weight of dirt!
 Set to partner, Petticoat!
 Pirouette, O Shirt!

Listen! 'Tis the wind a-piping!
 Dance, from Pole to Pole,
 Petticoat, Pantaloon,
 Shirt, Camisole!

—*D. Wilcox, in The Bulletin (Sydney).*

The Obvious

HIS WIFE (*a very amateurish cook*):
 Don't growl over your food, John! No
 one is going to take it away from you!
 —*Sketch (London).*

SOMETIMES it seems to dad that after
 he has slaved all year he has nothing to
 show for it except a calendar from his
 merchant.—*Country Gentleman.*

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 Naples, Pompeii, Amalfi, Sorrento, Athens, Haifa, Jerusalem, Cairo, Luxor.

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In any discussion of car values between buyer and dealer, Fisher Bodies are naturally of first importance. The buyer recognizes in the emblem—Body by Fisher—an assurance of highest artistry and quality; the dealer properly regards it as one of the outstanding superiorities of his car.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT ST. LOUIS

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What detail is too small to make or mar a perfect harmony? Oshkosh Luggage is the instinctive selection of the people who are born with an unflinching sense of the fitness of things.

OSHKOSH

wardrobe trunks

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY · OSHKOSH · WISCONSIN

It can't get lost It can't get lost

This is it

The new Hinge-Cap on
Williams' Shaving Cream

It can't get lost It can't get lost

It can't get lost It can't get lost

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Lucky Indeed

Those South African villagers who were thrown into a panic when a pet giraffe ran amuck in their streets may thank their lucky stars that the giraffe didn't have an American truck driver at the wheel.—*Buffalo Express*.

Realism in Education

"Where do your children learn all their bad language?"

"We live near the income-tax collector's office."—*Jugend (Munich)*.

"Nowadays," says a writer, "a cook will refuse to do any work except the actual cooking." And that, very often, is not done.—*Ideas (London)*.

They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City

L'Homme Galant

A Frenchman was courting an English girl. Her mother said, mischievously: "Now, monsieur, if my daughter and I were both drowning, which would you save first?" With great presence of mind he replied: "I would save madame, and I would perish with mademoiselle!"

—*London Daily News*.

Accommodating

An American visitor in London, buying a paper from a newsboy, said:

"I should have to pay double the price of this paper if I were over in America."

"Well," replied the urchin, "yer can pay me double, guv'nor, if it'll make yer feel more at 'ome."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Mind Over Matrimony

SHE: I wonder if you remember me? Years ago you asked me to marry you.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROF.: Ah, yes, and did you?—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

"He never completed his education, did he?"

"No; he died a bachelor."—*Tit-Bits*.



TRADE MARK NEW
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Duveen Brothers

PAINTINGS
PORCELAINS
TAPESTRIES
OBJETS D'ART

New York

Paris

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

on which I had planned to lunch. And so, all alone, to a restaurant, where I made a fine meal on guinea hen, broccoli and a mysterious sweet, and rose from it with renewed courage to face conditions. . . . To a great dinner this night, and met there James Reynolds, the painter, who took us to his studio and showed us the ancient volumes he is collecting, and albeit I have heard of bookworms all my life, it was my first glimpse of their traces.

January
12th


Early up, and off to a strange and distant market to get a sausage like the one H. Zinsser gave us for Christmas in order that Samuel may have

Pearl Necklaces
OF SUPERB ORIENT AND LUSTRE

DREICER & CO

560 Fifth Avenue
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PALM BEACH
Jeannette Building



*Jewel Casket of the reign of Malek Shah (1071-1092)
whose Arms were later adopted by the Byzantines
as the national emblem—*

"Locktite" TOBACCO POUCH

The Waste-Less Pouch

LOCKTITE simplifies non-spilling pipe filling. Keeps pockets clean and tobacco in prime condition. Patent top opens easy, closes tight. Made without buttons or strings.

So't, attractive leathers, durably rubber lined. At cigar stores and wherever smokers' accessories are sold. Make yourself a present of this good pouch today.



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The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

some other topic of discourse, and thence to the hairdresser, with no more success than usual in holding her to a minimum of wire pins, and it struck me that so long as such establishments are so prodigal with these fasteners, the law should require them to keep bronze ones for blondes. . . . To luncheon at Marge Boothby's, and she showed me a fur coat she has had for a week and not yet worn, which astonished me greatly, for Lord! the minute I receive a new article of apparel and lack an immediate occasion to wear it, I set about creating one. . . . This day I did write my last Christmas acknowledgment, for which I thank God.

Baird Leonard.

Passenger Capacity

"How many will your car hold?"

"All the neighbors—and once in a while my wife and myself."

The
BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room

*Dancing in
the Supper Room*

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

! ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing.

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contract or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"The Ten Commandments"

(Continued from page 24)

of reality rather than the megaphone blatancy of excessive splurge.

He is aided throughout the picture by the deft work of his cameramen, by the superb plot construction and subtitles of Jeanie Macpherson, and by the general excellence of the cast. Of the many stars who appear, Rod La Rocque stands out vividly. His performance of an unregenerate youth who flouts the Ten Commandments is one to be remembered as long as we old cronies sit around the fire and discuss the movies of yesteryear. Leatrice Joy is (of course) splendid, Richard Dix is seriously convincing and Charles de Roche gives a glamorous portrait of *Pharaoh the Magnificent*.

From all the players, Mr. De Mille's production has derived an unusual degree of ability, sincerity and inspiration. I'm not going to say that they "live their parts," because I don't want to steal any of *Dulcy's* stuff; but at least, they make a good bluff at it.

Here endeth to-day's lesson, and let no man say that I have never praised a De Mille production.

You may now bring forth a Jackie Coogan picture that I may pan, and my record for impartiality will be complete.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



When buying a lawn mower, service comes first; after that durability is the big factor in deciding.

In meeting both requirements, Pennsylvania Quality Mowers have held an undisputed record for nearly half a century.

Whether on golf courses, parks or large estates, either driven in gangs by tractor, drawn by horse, or pushed by hand, these mowers have proved their greater economy in their long life of uninterrupted and satisfactory service.

Selected materials and specialized manufacturing process, together with exclusive features, insure successful performance of Pennsylvania Quality Mowers under the hardest usage.

Let us send you the Pennsylvania Trio Book.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS

1625 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia



"WHO'S THE POETIC CHAP WITH NAN? A NEW FLAME?"
"NO. JUST THE EMBERS OF HER FIRST HUSBAND."

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

thing she conscientiously, if not artistically, thought to be excellent. The result for the artist who stoops, is, of course, financial failure, and serves him right, too. There can be no doubt about it: when Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond composed "The End of a Perfect Day," she sought to express musically the highest and most spiritual that there was within her. That she was aided by an entirely unconscious cerebration of Raff's "Cavatina" makes no difference. She achieved a signal financial success, and produced by her earnestness the late President Harding's favorite musical composition.

It is said that shortly after the composer Raff died, his friends wanted to erect a statue at Lachen where he was born. One of his admirers solicited a contribution from Wagner.

"Here is ten marks," Wagner said, "and I advise you to complete the effigy within thirty days or Raff's compositions will be forgotten."

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS



New York City is lighted by millions of MAZDA lamps, a brilliant example of the fact that out of every 100 people in the United States 37 live in electrically lighted homes.

The best lighted country

Ever since man discovered he could conquer darkness with artificial light, civilization has been marching on.

Our country leads the nations of the world in the proportion of people who live in electrically lighted homes and enjoy the advantages of electrically lighted streets.

Lighting the streets—and the highways too—carries electricity through town and country so that all may enjoy its benefits.



This is the mark of the General Electric Company, an organization of 100,000 men and women engaged in producing the tools by which electricity—man's great servant—is making the world a better place to live in.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Wagner was mistaken. Some of Raff's most banal melodic intervals are enshrined in the subconscious and unconscious memories of nearly all our popular composers.

• • •

Nor so long ago I went to an entertainment given by "the younger set" of a California city. The impression seemed to prevail among the audience and the entertainers that it was a representative gathering of the people who really counted socially in that part of the country, and if the quality

(Continued on next page)



Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

Relief for coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates.

35¢ and 60¢ sizes sold everywhere



Did he have a right to suspect her?

DUNBAR was in a terrible state of mind. He was worried sick about his wife. She had been acting very strangely during the past several months.

The thing that troubled him most was that she now responded very reluctantly to his affectionate advances. She wouldn't even let him kiss her. The whole state of affairs was driving him mad. He suspected everything. And, yet, he alone was to blame.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And not only closest friends but wives and husbands dodge this one subject.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately — halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Broadcastings

(Continued from page 31)

of the entertainment was in inverse ratio to the quality of the company, the impression must have been well founded. A number of songs were on the program which to my knowledge had appeared on the programs of last year's Scandals, Libels, Follies and Frolics, and as the enunciation of the singers was unfortunately too good, it was impossible not to realize anew how utterly meaningless and humorless were these so-called lyrics.

I cannot remember enough of them for the purpose of quotation, and this was only last week, but I can remember a number of refrains that were popular in English music halls years ago, and by contrast with these recent comic songs, they were gems of pointed humor. "Waiting at the Church" is one of them, and I particularly remember a song about a little boy with an extremely large head who was taken into a hat shop by his parents for the purpose of buying him a new hat, with the result—and the refrain—that "The only 'ats 'd fit 'im, was the boxes that the 'ats came in." There is also a rousing chorus quoted by Neil Lyons in "A Market Bundle," which goes:

"I've been knocking at every door
Ringing at every bell
Trying to find the furnished room
Where I left my little Nell."

Nor did the Salvation Army fail of its duty in providing glees for the masses. To the air of "She Only Answered Ting-a-ling-a-ling" some red-shirted genius wrote the lines:

"The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
I'm off for the angels, sing-a-ling-a-ling,
And that's where I want to be.
O death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Where, grave, thy victo-ree?
No ting-a-ling-a-ling,
No sing-a-ling-a-ling
But sing-a-ling-a-ling for me."

There is also a record of "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre" being used as a vehicle for the stirring refrain, "For He's a Jolly Good Savior."



Mr. Samson! Please! Paging Mr. Samson!

If you are the Samson we're looking for, here's a chance to redeem the mistake of your illustrious ancestor.

Remember what happened to him, that time he broke into the columns of the local temple? It cost him his life. Well, you can break into this column, and it will only cost you a Dollar—and you get 10 brand-new LIFES in return.

Among them will be:

THE ST. VALENTINE'S
NUMBER

THE BIG BUSINESS
NUMBER

THE EASTER NUMBER

Borrow the shears from Delilah, Obey That Impulse to clip off the bottom of this column, put some strength behind your fountain pen, and leave the rest to LIFE's Staff and the U. S. Mail.

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.88; Foreign, \$6.60)

Dear LIFE:

Is it true about the 10 weeks' Trial Subscription? Because here is my dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40) and my name and address:

216

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598 Madison Avenue, New York

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

WYNDROP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

As Others See Us

Guided by an educated pig who was playing at a vaudeville house and knew the town well, a small delegation of steers, hogs, sheep, calves and chickens, just in from the West, were seeing New York.

The subway crush thrilled and shocked them.

"How true it is," lowed the oldest steer in the party, "that there are always creatures worse off than you are yourself. They never crowd cattle like that."

"No, nor hogs," grunted a rotund arrival from Omaha. "The authorities wouldn't permit it. Just so many to a car; no more."

"I don't see any drinking troughs," remarked a sheep.

"There aren't any," explained the educated pig.

"Incredible!"

"Whereabouts is the slaughterhouse for which these poor creatures are bound?" asked a calf. Young as he was he had no illusions. He knew it was not to receive the freedom of the city that they had been brought to town.

The educated pig at first looked blank, then squealed with merriment.

"Why, they're not bound for any slaughterhouse; they're not going to be slaughtered," he laughed. "They're just going home to eat and sleep until tomorrow. To-morrow this will happen all over again."

"Oh, you must be mistaken!" bleated a spring lamb.

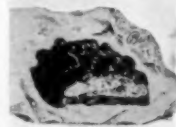
"But they give us—who are treated with so much more consideration—they give us the knife," said the Omaha hog. "What stockcar line is this, anyway? Who owns this underground outrage?"



TANGOS

5¢

Creamy maple and rich chocolate, Bunte blended—tender marshmallow—crunchy toasted peanuts, all in one delicious treat.



A Bunte Candy

BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO



Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

"It's a case for the S. P. C. A.," clucked a chicken indignantly.

"Why, the creatures who ride in it own it, in part," chuckled the educated pig. "That's the joke of it. They build the line with their own money and then give a company the exclusive right to carry them—like this."

"And not to a slaughterhouse?" persisted the calf, for he was a veritable Doubting Thomas in calfskin.

"And not to a slaughterhouse," reassured the educated pig.

"I've been told," reflected the oldest steer, "that these strange creatures,

these humans, spend time discussing the question, Do animals think?"

"I often get a good laugh out of that," said the educated pig.

A. H. F.

They Couldn't Be Worse

"How do you like your new neighbors?"

"Not at all. The fellow on the left never shovels his sidewalk and lets us wade through the snow. And the one on the right clears his so neatly after every snowfall that my wife looks at me poisonously."



"A Skin You Love to Touch"
painted by R. F. Schabelitz

*You, too,
can have*

A skin you love to touch . . .

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1001 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont., *English agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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Cut out this coupon and mail it today

SLEEP—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

Give your skin itself special care, if you want it to be smooth, soft, delightful in texture and color.

Each day your skin is changing

You can have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make

your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and read, in this booklet, just how to take care of your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP